A HISTORY OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CLASS OF '23

By Mr. and Mrs. Cashion

Now that the present scholastic year of school work is practically almost finished, I take my pen and ink in hand to thoroughly elucidate upon the virtues and many deeds of the various incidents that have served to make this year the most preposterous in the history of the Sophomore Classes of the Rice Institute. We need no explanation whatever upon the incidents of our Freshman year. Everyone knows that we were the largest and best class of the year nineteen-nineteen to nineteen-twenty, and I could not barely recall all the facts that go to prove it. Let by-gones be by-gones.

This year, as usual, the Sophomore Class registered, and we immediately began to show our superiority, as any real, live, up-to-date Soph should do. All the boys tried to show this grand and glorious superiority in quality, walked on the grass, and we actually went out of the way to do this stunt. We sometimes arose out of bed at midnight to practice walking upon the greased-turf firma. Another way of showing this very superior quality was to get breakfast and supper table with no collar, tie or socks upon us. This is very superior, indeed. The slimes must dress like gentlemen should, but we can dress like we actually are. The last but not least way of showing this inimitable superiority is the best of all ways. It is usually done with a two by four pine plank of large dimensions. We loved to use this method of operation, but it was very hard on us. We used it so often that it made our poor arms tired and sore. We used it so often that it made the poor slimes sore too.

The most Hon. Mr. Winn, Esq., P.D.O., was nominated and elected and chosen the President and proved his ability for the position. It was one of the greatest meets ever held, and the second-class teams could not catch the seven-year itch. They were rotten, but our men were out of form from over-use of the proverbial strap, and hard luck beat us. Then we heat hard luck. However, we won the finest track meet ever witnessed in any school in the country, by grand and glorious sweepway, actually winning from the next contender.

by the enormous difference of three whole points. It was one of the greatest meets ever held, and all the proceedings were divided. The Soph Kid Dance was a howling success, and every one of our most illustrious class was able to make a fool of himself. (Apologies to Mr. Demaresthence, B. S.)

Our athletic work was a grand and glorious failure. Do not become startled, surprised, or taken aback, my dear reader. It was because our most illustrious class' athletes were not up to shape for the occasion. We really had the best teams on, and the other classes' teams could not catch the seven-year itch. They were rotten, but our men were out of form from over-use of the proverbial strap, and hard luck beat us. Then we heat hard luck. However, we won the finest track meet ever witnessed in any school in the country, by grand and glorious sweepway, actually winning from the next contender.

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The most Hon. Mr. Winn, Esq., P.D.O., was nominated and elected and chosen the President of the first term of this scholastic year. His large popularity is shown to be a grand success by the outstanding fact that he was selected by a very large majority of three whole votes. Winn was absent, therefore the majority was not four votes, which is much too be regretted. Well, he made a terribly good class president. He could swing the proverbial strap with a peel unequalled by any of us, though we did our best not to do it along this line. We had lots of practice.

Mr. McGee, A. B. C., was next chosen president and proved his fine capacity for the most nice occasion by inflicting a generous amount of concentrated hoot oil. His name will last forever in our annals.

Mr. Shultz is now our president, and though he has not yet had sufficient time to prove his capacities, we are prepared for the worst. We hope he will, however.

Society is now as highly gratified as it was this year by many and several dances given by our most illustrious class. Let me praise the girls of our class for their earnest work in behalf of the cause they were responsible for all the big feats. Nevertheless, a success was made of every social given by our most illustrious class. Both Winn and McGee were seen on the campus with new suits, directly after the proceeds had been divided. The Soph Kid Dance was a howling success, and every one of our most illustrious class was able to make a fool of himself. (Apologies to Mr. Demaresthence, B. S.)

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RICE—A. & M. BASEBALL GAME

We know we cannot do our team justice in those columns, so we will say only that they won.

RICE—BAYLOR TRACK MEET

We will endeavor to say that such a fine team could not be surpassed in any school, college or university in the whole world! Our team was picked and begun training in the best of approved Styles, at least one week or ten days before the other classes' teams. We must say that we ran into slope so well, and fairly quickly, that the coaches were terribly surprised. They were absolutely astonished by our progress. The public soon was awakened, and crowds gathered, amazed at the wonder feet pulled off on the track and in the gymnasium. After a time, the day came to hand. Such a day. Not a cloud in the sky. Not a bit of mist. Cool and invigorating it was. Everyone was pleased. We were prepared to win against any odds whatever.

Little need I tell you of the meet itself. The news has spread far and wide among the world as it goes. The meet for us was a sweep-off, a hands-10-foot. A catastrophe. Our hurdlers hurled as never before, and to see the hurdles fall before their feet was a revelation. In this record, records were broken as in all the rest of the meets. The stop-watches were too slow to catch our time, so it was given out that it took twenty-one minutes to run the gauntlet. Shot-putting is one of our long arms. We put the shot anywhere you want it (with a derrick and crane). A majestic flight, resembling a beautiful stream of thunder, was the javelin throw. Dr. Wilson used the data to figure the amount of force necessary to throw a rocket to the moon. Likewise, the discus throw was a throw-away, the circle of brass and steel looking to the spectators like a great eagle in full flight.

The mile record was another broken one. Our man hardly had to stop and rest more than twice, so we made the mile while they were running the quarter. Very good. In the dash we were disappointed, as our record was made the hundred in only nine flat. We were satisfied when the next runner (of the other class) came in fifteen seconds later (came in the field-house). The track-meet, in general, I may say, was a success.

In football, we did not win. Our first team was sick, and our second team died above the shoulders. So we played our third team, which was way off form. Although the opposing team could not match Goose Creek, they somehow beat our most excellent athletes by the score of one small score (one small score) of seven to nothing. The football was won by the junior, likewise, made excuses that they could not put out a team, but the reason was that they knew how well they were outclassed. They ended the year.
At the present writing all Sophomores in our neighborhood are dull and hearty.

Latest popular ballads and songs as sung by Rice Quartet:
"Tell me all you know,"—William Wilson.
"Why it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?"—Demos.
"She knows me better than you do, Katy."—Archie.
"Judging by the way he holds that girl, I should say he danced to love."—Harvard Lampson.
"How many children had Eve?"—McGee and Grant.
"Adam up and yes."—Catherine D.

WANTED to find out.
FOR SALE: Copy of "What Every Young Man Should Know," or will exchange for "What Every Young Woman Should Know."—Lyle Cashion.
FOR SALE: A pair of gloves.—K. T. Rowe.

Sport Models for Young Men
$35-$45

They are smartly tailored garments with three-quarter belted back, yoke shoulders and small knife pleats. Unfinished worsted in blue and brown, club checks; new grays and iridescent shades.

White Flannel Trousers, a good combination with these Sport Suits.

FOR RICE GIRLS TO GET IN THE SWIM

New bathing suits have arrived, and all the styles and colors are well represented. There are novelty suits with handsomely appliqued of wool embroidery in bright colors; also plain swimming suits that fit "just right"; in all wool or silk and wool; some with patent leather belts. You will revel in a new one for the early swimming season. Very reasonably priced at $4.95, $5.95, $6.95, up to $19.95.

Having seen the new sport models?

LEOPOLD & PRICE
The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes

IT'S not only the style in Kuppenheimer Good Clothes—not only the sincerity of fabrics and tailoring; it's the all around Kuppenheimer goodness—a combination of every high quality standard—that marks them as a true investment in good appearance.

Have you seen the new sport models?

LEOPOLD & PRICE
The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes
Mr. Buddy Rose entertained the Hall Committee at poker Tuesday night. The game began at seven and broke up at ten forty-five, when some one discovered that one of Mr. Rose's aces had a red back. The gentlemen were playing with a blue deck.

Cards are out which bear the invitation which follows:

You are cordially invited to tea at the room of Mr. James Lack, 111 South Hall, at two o'clock Wednesday evening, April 5th. Domino sugar will be served with the spots like craps.

Rumor hath it that our beloved coach, Philip H. A., is soon to be married.

Miss Agnes Buffalo, Miss Mabel Libbery, and Senorita Dona Becky San Felipe have each been mentioned as the lucky lady. Philip has been dividing his attentions so evenly between these three that no one is even hazarding a guess. Each of the three ladies, when visited by a Thresher representative Wednesday morning, gave as their excuse for not seeing him that they were fatigued from their social activity of the night before.

We wish to correct the statement in next week's Thresher that Doctor Lovett of the Institute led the grand march at the Mack Manufacturing Company dance, with Miss Ima Wigh. The name of the lady was Miss Lotta Love.

The initial meeting of the Debs-Bailey—1924 Club, which was held in the room across from the South Hall Debating Room, at 7:30, Monday, the fourth, was very well attended indeed. J. L. Davis was chosen president; Miss Margarette Atkinson, who was not present, vice-president; R. K. Maddry, Recording Secretary; Venie Row, Corresponding Secretary.

After the election of officers, President Davis gave a stirring address on “Looking Forward.” He painted a glowing picture of the possibility of the election of Debs and Bailey in 1924. “Look,” he said, “at the class of ‘23. Look at the poisonous blight of ignorance with which they are polluting even this towering stronghold of learning. Look at them, and take hope. They are the voters of 1924; they are the army of Debs and Bailey, which we will lead to glorious victory.”

Retiring President Winn, of the class of ’23, was presented at the last meeting of the class with a pewter stein, engraved with the motto of the class, “Study, they say, is meant to train the brain; why study, then?—we have no brains to train.”

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ATHLETIC HISTORY OF CLASS OF TWENTY-THREE

(Continued from page 1)

hat!, very queerly, was also lost. Why? We could not find out. The opposing teams were so quick and so fast that we never found the reason we lost. However, we do know that we had the best team, as does everyone else. More than enough said.

Let me expostulate upon the future. Baseball will soon be the rage, and as usual, we will put out a team that we know will win, will sweep off the field, will make such a sensation, that all weak hearts will have heart failure and all weak limbs will have a cushion. Out of our large class we can pick nine men that even Babe Ruth, even Ty Cobb, could not win against. We will take our games whether we win or not.

By Y.T. Kowf.

Bushong: "I went home to see my folks last week."
Pollard: "How'd you find them?"
Bushong: "Oh, I knew where they lived."

POETRY

Awake, Awake, the dawn is here,
The air is full of atmosphere,
From yon Hawaiian bough-tree,
A whileule smiles at me,
Adown the vale a flock of cheese,
Lifts up its face to sniff the breeze.
But, Oh! my beating heart, be still,
Tis the voice of a Little Liver Pill.
And is it so, or is it no?
It is, it is, and who, and what?
And thus, as in the days of yore,
We find that two and two are four.

Miss Ida was a rider,
In a famous circus-show.
For a pet she had an adder,
And the adder loved her so.

She fed the adder dodder,
That's a plant that lives on air, Could you find an odder fodder,
For an adder anywhere?

Miss Ida bought some madder,
That's a color rather rare.
It made the adder shudder,
When Miss Ma dyed her hair.

Her hair was soft as elder,
'Til she used the madder dye.
Then it had an odler odor,
And was redder than the sky.

The adder couldn't chide her,
He could only idle stare,
But a sadder adder eyed her,
When the rider dyed her hair.

Always sharp — never sharpened—and enough lead for a quarter mil-

ion words.

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for what you write.

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